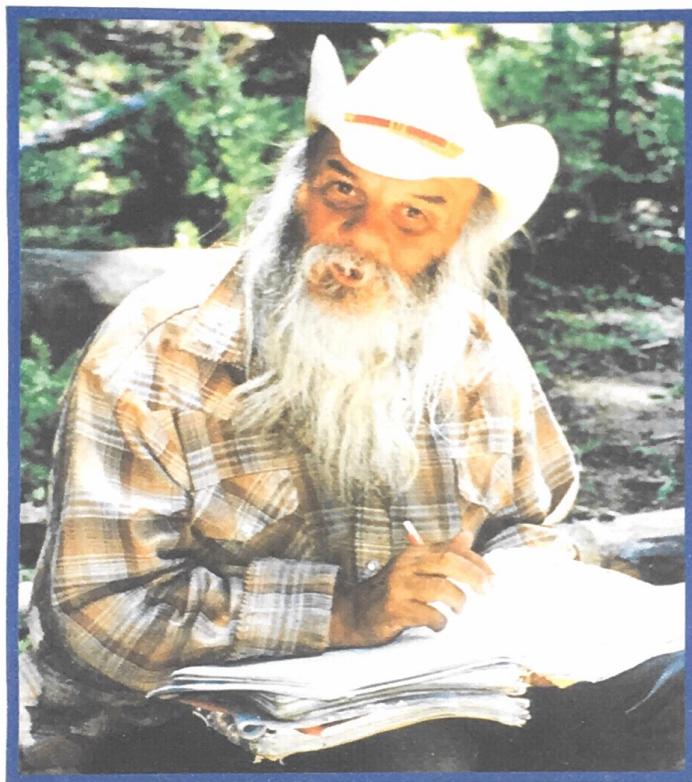


Rainbow Family

Life Stories



by Jodey Bateman.
Interviews with Rainbow
Family of Living Light
folks conducted between
1977 and 2008.
Scanned in 2018.
Jodey Bateman may be
contacted on Facebook.

04.0 PHIL COYOTE - "I'm History and
I'm a Tramp"

[1 of 2]

Phil's grandfather, Ole Hanson, was
mayor of Seattle during the IWW general
strike in 1919, with machine guns
pointed at the strikers.

20 pages

[04.0]

PHIL COYOTE - "I'm History and I'm a Tramp"

[Most of the material in this life story comes from an interview in May, 1978 in Santa Fe, first at the Christ Brotherhood house and then at a Pizza Hut. Phil spoke continuously and intensely all this time from about 4 p.m. to midnight. Phil's life story helped me begin to understand the origins of Rainbow. His story gave me an idea of what questions I should ask other people for this book. Phil's account has only a few errors - for example, Tony Angel was not in Hell's Angels. As Tony said "I got prospected for Hell's Angels but I didn't join. They seemed crazy." Phil's grandfather, Ole Hansen, as mayor of Seattle was famous for trying to suppress the IWW [Industrial Workers of the World] general strike in Seattle in 1919. Jay Sun's grandfather John Reese, was deeply involved in the strike. Phil's grandfather wrote a book about the strike called Americanism vs. Bolshevism. For the IWW side see Revolution in Seattle by Harvey O'Connor, who (like Jay Sun's grandfather) was a logger and IWW member.]

PHIL - I've been wanting to tell this for seven years. I'm pleased to tell this story because I'd like it written down before I'm dead. You never know when the Great Spirit is gonna take you. When you get money from this book, do something for the Family - buy a big piece of land we all can live on. Or anything, just so long as it goes to people - good things for people for free.

I'm a legend - people talk about me all over the country. I'm history and I'm a tramp. I was born on October 23, 1956 in Los Angeles. My father has been a window display dude, a jazz musician - drummer. To the best of my knowledge he's still alive. My mother's father was the mayor of Seattle. He put down the IWW strike in Seattle in 1919 with machine guns pointed at them. He wrote a book about it called Americanism vs. Bolshevism. I read some of it and learned some IWW songs from it like "Pie in the Sky" and "Onward Christian soldiers, duty's way is plain
Slay your Christian neighbor, or by him be slain."

My grandfather moved to California. He was a millionaire, the founder and builder of San Clemente and he also helped build Twenty Nine Palms, California. He lost all his money in the Depression. After he died, my mother became a stripper and a bar room singer.

My parents got divorced when I was a baby. My mother and I stayed mostly at relatives' houses because we were pretty poor. All my childhood I felt something was wrong. I had a very unhappy childhood. I ask my mother when we went to the Christian Scientist church when I was four years old "Who made these cars and who made this church?" and she'd say "God made these cars and God made this church." And I'd say "Who made all these houses?" and she'd say "God did." And I'd say "God didn't make this, people did."

I never fit in. I made good grades in sixth grade, but after that it was all F's. I kept being sent to the principal's office because I wouldn't salute the flag because it didn't make sense. I was a trouble maker. Like when I was 12, I met this guy who had just come back from Nam. He told me when his sergeant ordered him to pick up his rifle, he just threw it at the sergeant.

Then I went to Catholic school. I had to fight my way all through public school and Catholic school. At the beginning of the ninth grade, I tried LSD. I had seen hippies for years, so I started running away from home again and again. I spent my time in juvenile detention homes. Finally I went to Berkeley when I was almost 15 in 1971. I met some freaks there and went with them to this commune in Bolinas called Pride Family Commune. I was so happy there. There were people going naked and not ashamed. There were people sharing and not thinking of getting money. There were people not worried about going to a job from nine to five.

Five of us headed from the commune in a school bus toward Oregon. I got off the bus and went on to Oregon on my own. It was in Oregon I ran into the Rainbow Family at the Rainbow Farm in Drain, Oregon. I'll never forget when I went to the Rainbow Farm house and heard people OMing upstairs. I found the same spirit there that I found at

Pride Family Community much stronger. There was about 100 people there. Then I went to the Rainbow Family house in Eugene, Oregon. There was about 100 people there too. There I met Barry Adams - also called Barry Plunkner. He told me about the gathering to be next year, '72, in Colorado. I went on a school bus with him and others around the country with invitations to the gathering. We went to universities, to communes - to all people everywhere - telling them about the gathering. We had a big bottle of pure LSD with us. We headed to Chico, California. Then we went to San Francisco and all took acid and made a space movie in Golden Gate Park where we ran around with sheets on. We hung out in Pasadena for a while.

Then we visited a friend named Jacques who was married to a Navajo woman in Tuba City, Arizona on their reservation. His white friend living close by gave us a little bit of medicine-peyote. Then we went on the Hopi reservation and counselled with the Hopi elders in their kiva. We ate the peyote before we went in the kiva. It was the first time I had ever eaten it.

They let one of the women in our group in their kiva. It was the first time in their history they had let a woman in. The Hopi elders were very old men. It was late Fall, when the elders take the young men into the kivas and tell them the stories. The young men were falling asleep. They weren't listening. Thomas Banyacya translated what the old man told us when we asked him questions. Barry brought out a map and asked "Should we have the gathering at Table Mountain or at Lizard Pass?" Barry explained that we were a tribe, even though we were white. He said that in our tribe, men and women are equal.

The old man told us "You young white people want to change things, but you cannot change things unless you change the white man who has caused all this trouble for materialistic gain. We Hopi come here. We sit and smoke and pray every day for the earth our mother and all living things." We were very happy at that point and very surprised that we were even allowed in a kiva.

I got as far on the bus as Fort Smith, Arkansas, where we were surrounded by the police and I was taken to jail for being a runaway. Then I was released to a Greyhound bus which I was supposed to take home and

I got off the bus and hitched home and left again and got arrested and was sent back. This happened several times. Then I got this paper that my mom signed that I could go where I pleased.

I went to Wheeler's Ranch in Sonoma County, California. It was opened in 1968 by Bill Wheeler under inspiration of Lou Gottlieb's Morning Star Commune nearby. It was called the Ahimsa Open Hand Church. Ahimsa meaning non-violent in Sanskrit. It was open to anybody under conditions of voluntary primitivism - no electricity, no running water, etc. It got closed down later because too many people moved out there and started ripping off energy. I started having a long drawn-out love affair with this woman I met at Wheeler's Ranch. We'd split up and meet again a lot.

Finally I got back to Rainbow Farm in early 1972 and met up with Barry. He had gone off hitching after the bus broke down in Little Rock, traveling all over the country handing out invitations and talking about the gathering of the tribes in Colorado. Me and two others went to the Love Family - the Church of Jesus Christ at Armageddon - in Washington State to invite them to the gathering. Love Israel, their false prophet, treated us like gods, like big shots - giving us wine, women massaging our shoulders. I loved it. The Love Family had 12 houses at Queen Anne Hill. I met up with this lady I was very attracted to. Me and her fucked for a whole night and snorted cocaine and I lived with her and her little kid Caleb for a while in Bellingham, Washington. Then I went back to Eugene and I told this brother about her and he ended up getting together with her.

The Rainbow House in Eugene was condemned. The city wanted to get rid of it. We were considered a threat. Me and Barry spear-headed the invasion of Colorado. Barry was asleep in a chair on the porch of a house at the end of Willamette Street in Eugene. The house is gone now. It was like the crash pad. Him and me had been praying for a ride to Colorado. I was walking down the street and these people - a man and a woman - said "Do you

need a ride to Colorado?" I woke Barry up. I said "Wake up, let's go to Colorado!" Blew his mind, boy. I'll never forget that. They drove us all the way to Denver.

We were walking down the street in Denver with our bedrolls and this lady offered us a place to stay. We rested and got high and ate. Barry looks at me in the morning and he says "Let's go see the governor of Colorado."

We went to the governor's capitol in Denver. We could not see

Governor Love, but we were allowed to see the lieutenant governor and many officials in black shiny shoes and suits and ties sitting at a long table. They looked very serious.

We told them of our dream. Our dream was to gather the people together to have council, healing circles, food distribution centers — kitchens, slit trench latrines, supply centers, a parking lot with a shuttle service taking people to a trail where they would hike up. Not allowing any automobiles and very little if any technology, although the media was allowed. All food, medicine and supplies would be carried in on our backs. Our plan was to leave as little impact on the land as possible and leave it cleaner than we found it. Many people have gone back there since and they say you can't tell 30,000 people camped there.

A place where people could share and heal. A place where there would be no jails. There would be no fences, no police, no criminals, no insane asylums, no buildings, no doors, no locks. Where we could share and love each other freely as brothers and sisters under God. I'd like to say it's a beautiful dream. We encouraged no littering, no polluting, no cutting of live trees, but treating the earth with respect as our mother, which she is. I could cry telling it.

Then we went to the Bureau of Land Management office. They just showed us maps and gave us a lot of red tape and in other words told us no. Then we went to the National Park and Forest Service building and counilled with them. We talked to them about how the gathering would be set up. Then they asked us about sanitation. They

asked us "How do you shit in a slit trench?" Barry squatted and showed them how it was done, naturally. He didn't actually do it, but they had been sitting on indoor toilets all their lives. When I was in a city, I squat on the rim of an indoor toilet to use it. A National Parks guy said "There's some people out there who would really like to knock your heads in." Barry said to me "He's talking about his friends."

The house where we stayed in Denver ended up becoming an information center. Garrick showed up from Oregon. We went on television in Boulder to explain what was going on. We used the media as much as possible to spread the word. We invited the Hollywood Squares TV show to the gathering. The lady in charge of it contributed money.

Garrick brought the Stone—the Stone of Many Faces that they found at the end of the rainbow after the rain in the cornfield on the Rainbow Farm. They had planted blue corn from Hopi land. They planted in the Hopi way, the man with a stick in front making holes in the earth, the woman coming along with the seeds and planting them and covering the hole. After they were through, a mist descended with a little rain. The people who saw this happen speak straight. Many of them told me. The rainbow landed at the center of the garden where a God's eye was that was rainbow colored. They walked to the other end of the rainbow, which was at a very old tree stump which we walked by every day. When they got to that spot, leaning up against the stump or in it—I don't know which—was the Stone of Many Faces. It was strange. Everybody trusted each other well, knew each other like brothers and sisters, and no one had ever seen the stone before.

Of course, the thought came to mind, just knowing of the Hopi prophecy that the Bahana—the true white brother, the Messiah—was to bring the stone to the Hopi. We didn't know if this was the stone they were expecting. We didn't know hardly anything about the Hopi. But we wanted to find out. So we went to the Hopi again—me and Barry and Garrick and two women and about six other men. We brought the Stone to the Hopi. The old woman

who took care of their sacred stones looked at it and some other people did too.

We sat in a semi-circle outside of the old woman's house. Barry and Garrick went in with the Stone. They asked "Is this the stone you expected?" They came out and this is the message they were given: "No, this is not our stone. But this stone is sacred. It was given to you. This stone should never be photographed."

Before we went that time to talk to them, we had made a film about how the Stone was found. But we did not photograph the Stone. The stone the Hopis were expecting was a corner that was broken off of one of their sacred stones.

We left the Hopis and went back to Colorado. A few people were camped on Table Mountain waiting, but the government opposed us camping there. We invited President Nixon to the gathering and got a reply from the secretary to the President that Nixon wished us a good gathering but could not attend himself.

An amazing thing happened. A landowner near Granby, Colorado, had a dream that he was going into this movie theater. What was playing was "The Gathering." He looked at the ads and it showed a total bliss-out of people getting together. He told the lady at the ticket booth "I got to see that. How much does it cost?" And she said "It'll take everything you own. So he said "OK" and she let him in. And he saw that it would be on his land. So he told Barry and Garrick "I got this piece of land at Strawberry Lake and you all are welcome to have the gathering there." So it started happening there. There was a parking lot out by Granby and all the vehicles started parking there and we set up a shuttle service to take people to the trail to hike to the lake, and we set up a healing lodge and a child care center and all at Strawberry Lake.

The state of Colorado was freaked out about it. They busted so many people for hitch hiking that their jails were full. Hitch hiking was illegal in Colorado at that time. They couldn't fit any more people in their jails and people kept coming and kept coming and kept coming. So they blockaded us - all roads going into the gathering were blocked. We were stranded up there with no food or medical supplies coming in and people were crowding into Granby by the thousands. I went up to the lake before the blockade

happened. I remember the police stopping us on one of the shuttle rigs and we were blowing their minds loving them. SFFS Garrick and some others started leading people through the wilderness to the gathering, hundreds at a time, hiking for 15 miles to get there. They had quite a time - getting shot at, laying low. There was one group of about 800 people that got lost for three days, led by this stoned-on-acid Inca Indian from Peru who claimed he knew the way - he could make it through any mountains no matter what. They had very little food and water. When they got to the gathering, their clothes were in rags.

By the first of July, there were already thousands of us there. The blockade had been broken. I don't remember if Governor Love said to stop the blockade, but a friend of ours, Tony Angel, an ex Hell's Angel, stood in front of 7,000 people at the blockade and told the police "Get out of my fucking way!" And they did. And all those thousands of people went past. I woke up that morning at the gathering place and I couldn't believe it, all those thousands of people pouring in. The lake, the mountains, the trees - it was just like Heaven. The closest I've ever seen to Heaven.

Finally, the gathering really went off. I thought it was the end of an old world, the start of a new one. We expected things at the gathering too quick. We expected that the fences would come down around the world, the prisons would crumble, the cities would be gone and the buffalo would come back and Christ would return. And we expected the white buffalo would come. That happened July 1. The snow on the side of the mountain was shaped like a white buffalo.

STP had three camps at the gathering. I had seen and briefly hung out on the street with some of the STP and we shared the same sidewalk, although I didn't know what they were into. The 1972 Rainbow Gathering was the last get-together of all the STP - what was left of them. Most of their leaders were already dead. STP stands for Street Truckin People, Shitty Toilet Paper, Stop the Pig, Serve the People, Serenity, Tranquility and Peace and Sagittarius, Taurus

and Pisces. The three dudes who started STP were Bishop, L.B., and John. Their signs were Sagittarius, Taurus and Pisces. I never knew them. The old stories I heard about them, I heard from people who knew them. So like I'm coming from a humble place talking about STP. One of the three guys who started STP was STP John. He didn't eat meat or wear leather, I am told. He wore a white robe. John didn't dig heroin, and some people who were into it shot him on the Hill in Boulder, Colorado. The other two who started STP got killed on the Hill shortly after that.

STP were about the dirtiest people I ever met. I remember walking down the path seeing all these dirty, lice jumping off their heads, sores infesting them, rotten bandannas that hadn't been washed in years around their necks, animal claws around their necks, patched leather pants people huffing gold paint at what was supposed to be a spiritual gathering. They had jugs full of whiskey full of LSD that they passed out to people. It was STP Goldfinger's wedding. He got married at every Rainbow Gathering after that. I had seen him and a lot of STP people before. I really got to know him and Ranchy Ron at the gathering. Ranchy Ron was called Cheyenne then.

STP used to spit on each other. They'd bum a quarter from somebody and if he didn't give it, they'd throw lice on him. They would rob people and tie them to a tree if they didn't like them. They didn't do this at the gathering, but if you said something one of them didn't like, they would all get on you. I've said the bad things about them, but there was good things. They would help people too. It's just that they didn't care - that was over all. They were pretty brave, but most of them ended up dead or hiding in the mountains or went straight. I will always respect

The STP Family

The Fourth of July, a lot of different people went up to Table Mountain to wait for the world to end. It didn't. I didn't go on the mountain. I cut out from the gathering. I was disgusted because I had been with this lady I had lived with at Wheeler's Ranch. I thought she was pregnant. It turns out she wasn't. I was very irresponsible then. I was only 15 years old.

I went back to LA, saw my mom. Then I went back to Wheeler's Ranch. At the beginning of '73, I went to Taos, New Mexico. I met up with my old friend Pepe from the Pride Family Commune there and he told me about New Buffalo Commune near Taos. I went there and got hustled out of my money and my whiskey because I was young and gullible. They told me "Go to Morning Star. We don't want you here."

I got lost on the way. It was snowing deep snow. I had to go up this arroyo and I didn't know where I was going. I started yelling "Morning Star, where are you?"

Suddenly I was surrounded by about seven dudes with sawed off shotguns, repeater rifles and everything all pointed at me and they said "Who are you?" and I told them who I was.

And they said "We're Morning Star. Do you steal?"

And I said "No."

And they said "OK, come on up. Welcome home" and they gave me a place to stay and cooking utensils and dope. I ain't gonna say all these people was involved in, but they treated me as a human being, which is more than I can say for a lot of honest bastards.

Come early spring, I went to Berkeley and hung out on the street with some of the STP Family, taking acid, getting drunk and shit. I met two STP'ers and hung out with a lady named Toby. I told them how beautiful Morning Star was - adobe houses and all, a pretty wild bunch. So we went to Morning Star.

While I was there, I went to my first peyote meeting with the Indians at Taos Pueblo. I was just a kid and didn't know what to believe and those old men in a tipi, sitting on the dust - they showed me God. They feel so much what is happening. They are so freaked out. Their whole old way is gone and all they have left is the peyote way.

One of them was my teacher. I won't say his name because he's dead. He was 86 years old. Once a missionary tried to tell him about Jesus and he said "I see Jesus in that tree behind you," and the missionary turned around and stared. The old man told me "I can't

read much, so I don't read the Bible, but I know the peyote plant and it's rooted in the earth real deep." He fed his dog and his two mules peyote and they were so gentle and friendly. When you eat peyote with animals, you get to understand how they feel.

Eventually I went to Earth People's Park in Vermont. It was started by the Hog Farmers. It's like Wheeler's Ranch - it's free land, anyone can stay there. I hitched from Earth People's Park across Canada. This guy who was hauling lumber took me across into Canada illegally. I hitched to Ontario and got picked up by a candlemaker named Ray Nedeaux. He said he would pay me to work in his candle factory and I said "I dig you. I won't take pay. I'll just work." I stayed with him. We went out to his ranch near Maple Leaf and set up a food co-op.

Then I hitched to Vancouver. I was with this couple on the way there who bought some good hash in Calgary. The Mounties stopped us. The lady ate the hash, tinfoil and all. She must have gotten fucked up. I kept hollering "I know my rights as a Canadian citizen!" My US ID was at the bottom of my duffel bag. After that, I threw away my US ID. At Vancouver, I went to the border. I still had my birth certificate. I showed that to them and they let me through.

I went to Wheeler's Ranch, then I went down to New Mexico. I heard there about the Wyoming Gathering at Lander. I went to Lander. Patterson's Christ Brotherhood people were there carrying Bibles with a hypnotic look in their eyes. You'd ask them where they were from and they said "The Light!" They had called the gathering on the Wind River Shoshone-Arapaho Reservation without asking the Shoshone or the Arapaho. I was caught up in a sort of seniority trip, having been one of the people who prepared the way for the Colorado Gathering and it sort of blew my mind, the idea of these people calling a Rainbow Gathering.

I asked around and found the Family had our camp at Rearing Forks Lake. So I went there. I married the girl I had lived with when I first went to Wheeler's Ranch. Chuck Wind Song married us in a hippie wedding. He blessed the pipe and blessed us. We had the wedding on a rock in the lake. We had a circle of people around us and the mountains. It was beautiful.

I met Patterson of the Christ Brotherhood at Roaring Forks. He stood up at council and said, "We're going to Virgin Lake on the reservation, no matter what." And I said, "No. We don't want to get killed or put in jail for going on Indian land without permission."

I said other things that were just talk. I shot off my mouth in other self-righteous ways that I shouldn't have. I'm not going to judge Patterson or anyone. That's all in the past.

The government gave us a beautiful place to have the gathering at South Pass. It was a beautiful gathering. A lot of good things happened there—but a lot of mistakes with peyote. Hippie peyote meetings, big boo-boos.

After the Wyoming Gathering, I said "Fuck you" to the Rainbow Family because I felt everyone had copped out and gone back to their straight jobs. I felt it was bullshit, everybody saying "I love you, brother" once a year and then splitting up for the rest of the year. Plus the Rainbow Family had gotten so big, I didn't know half the people in it. I had been hanging onto a clique that I thought was Family. So I started hanging out with the STP Family more than ever. Sometimes I would drink two fifths of whiskey a day. I would rip off anybody. I would hit anybody over the head. I got raunchier and raunchier. I roamed constantly and move quicker than Raunchy Ron, and he started on the road before I did. He settled down before I did. Maybe he was wiser than me.

A lot of the old STP Family, I never hung out with. I hung out with the second generation of STP, people who were carrying on the tradition of the old Family. And some of them old Family people wouldn't hang out with me—too stuck up. And there was new people who wanted to hang out with me. And that complicated things—New Riders of the STP, I call them.

I didn't have nowhere to turn to. I felt the STP was the only real people to turn to. I thought they would help me—and like they did. They would rip off and share it with the Family. Other people didn't count because they weren't transients. You had to do your part. Like I would rip off, panhandle, sell bunk dope—like have you heard of mixing

dark corn syrup and eggs and calling it Lebanese hash? Mostly I'd panhandle and I'd bring it back to share. Like you never would know when some one would jump you. You'd have a partner watch your back and you'd watch his back, passing around a bottle of wine in an alley while his old lady gave him head. Sometimes he'd spit on you. We had some close calls. It's a way to die.

My initiation into STP was blood brothers like -

"You got a knife?"

"Yeah."

"Cut your finger."

"OK."

"Aw, cut it!"

I had blood streaming all over. I took it seriously at first. And later they told me it was nothing but a joke.

I went back to New Mexico. I lived in a place called Towapa out by Placitas. There was a bunch of STP Family there. I got my butt kicked now and then, you know. The STP'ers said "We're hanging out here for the winter," but they went back to the cities. I still hung out there with the lady I had married. We had a little adobe house that winter, a householder trip. I'd cut wood and bring in 80 pounds of wood on my back pack rack every other day. She would cook. I was on the trip, "This is my old lady, my house, take care of my old lady etc."

We visited Steve Gaskin's Farm in Tennessee. They put me in the boys' tent and my wife in the girls' tent. They wouldn't let us stay together. They accused me of fornication. They pointed at my moccasins and said "Why have you got another skin on your feet when you got one skin already?"

I said, "It's dead, ain't it?"

They came up to me and said, "Oh, you got an attitude, da-doo-da-doo," and I just said, "Fuck you!" and gave them the finger. They told us to leave after three days.

We went to Vermont, to Earth People's Park and lived next door to Raunchy Ron. He wasn't living with Mary, his old lady, yet then. I split up with

my old lady and went back across Canada with Ranchy Ron, I knew the 1974 Rainbow Gathering in Utah was going to be a total space trip and it was. Utah was the worst gathering. I didn't go. I went to Highbridge Park in Spokane, Washington. The Yippies had set up a place there to receive the transient youth, and all the Rainbow Family came there after the Utah Gathering. I hung out there with Ranchy Ron for a few months. I drank two fifths of whiskey a day there. In between these times I'm telling you now, I can't tell you how many highways I went down or where I slept. I'm so burnt out now, I can't remember. I can't even tell you half of it.

I think I may have dropped by the Love Family in Washington. I've stayed with them several times. Then I went to Tokelma, Oregon. I lived there with my old lady. She had a miscarriage. We buried the embryo on top of a mountain. I got busted for deer poaching and went to jail. A bunch of us went to jail for it. We had the munchies. We didn't really need the deer. It was stupid. I didn't fire the shot, I just scouted for the deer. I got out of jail after a day because I didn't have a firearm.

I went back to Taos. I spent the winter in Talpa near Taos and I wanted to be a good Indian. I got a job, had my old lady, lived the good, honest life, whatever that is. We lived in a house for free. She was hanging out with me through all the crazy alcohol shit and between times hanging out with me, she hung out with some of the STP guys. I still drank cheap wine now and then with a few Indian friends of mine, but I cleaned up and stopped drinking so much because I wanted to go to peyote meetings.

Things didn't work out, so I hit the bottle and came down to Santa Fe and stayed at the Christ Brotherhood place. And went from there around the country again, drinking lots of wine, anything to get off.

I decided from my good experiences I had in Highbridge Park a sort of revision about the Rainbow Family. There must have been a reason the Rainbow Family was such a part of my vision. I had the help of Medicine Story and Dominic at Highbridge Park. Their

spirit brought back the spirit I had felt at the Colorado Gathering - the spirit that the STP, the Love Family and the Christ Brotherhood had felt at Colorado - that tribal family spirit coming back no matter what time you were. Some time before the Arkansas Gathering I threw away my leather patched STP pants. I burned my STP bandanna. I wanted to get sober and get my health back together. And when we were in Arkansas, it was all dry counties, so that was pretty lucky for me.

Bear is a good friend of mine. I love him with all my heart. I met him on the Hill in Boulder, Colorado, a long time ago. I saw him in the hospital in Albuquerque when his lung collapsed in 1974. When I got to the 1975 Rainbow Gathering in Arkansas, it was beautiful. There was Bear and Kilo who I had known a little while and Peter Schappy who I had met in High Bridge Park. At Arkansas, Bear was by now stepping out and standing up for the Rainbow Family, because the STP trip had almost killed him - God bless them.

Some dude at the Utah Gathering had said "I got this place you can have for a gathering in Arkansas," and he disappeared. No one could find him. So a lot of the Rainbow Family came to Arkansas and couldn't find a place to have it. So they went over the hills of Arkansas looking for a place and they met up with this old man in Snowball, Arkansas named Ebby Crowell, over 80 years old. Ebby said "You know, I was listening to the radio ten years ago, and they said there was all these long haired people in the cities ready to come out here looking for fresh streams. And I've been waiting for you all this time."

Snowball is about 20 miles from the nearest paved road. Then you go down a trail for about six miles and you hit a path and go about a mile and a half to Ebby's. If Ebby is still alive, he lives on possum pie, groundhog gravy, salt pork and cornbread and wild cat corn liquor. He lived in a tin shack and whittled all day if he wasn't squirrel hunting or coon hunting. He had calendars on the wall from the 30's and 40's. He could take you in the woods and show you where the golden seal grew, where the bloodroot grew, where the wild mint grew, where the camomile grew. He was really into the woods. He had lived there all his life. So he says to Bear "You bring them people here." So a bunch of us went there and put up our tips.

Now Rainbow Atma was the one who printed the invitations for the gathering. Hardly any of us knew him. Barry didn't know him. Chuck Wind song didn't know him. Garrick didn't know him. So he had the populace of Arkansas in an uproar. The burned his house down. And we hadn't even found a gathering site. A guy who's in prison now, brought a bunch of peyote and we all did it. A rainbow appeared over the camp when they showed up with the peyote. And Peter Schappy told us about how the blue heron is being made extinct and passed heron feathers around the circle to remind us of the heron, and then it started to rain.

Rainbow Atma and Michael Son talked to the officials and then told us that this place called Lake Hinkel in southern Arkansas would be a good place to have the gathering. Those of us who had been to the gatherings before didn't like it because it was a man-made lake. We went down there to check it out. It was full of mosquitoes and there was this big piece of concrete in the middle that hummed and there was a pipe in it that water kept coming out of and there was mosquitoes all around on the shore. Me and Freedom was completely disgusted. The next day, Rainbow Atma came by our bus and had the nerve to say "This place is not so bad. After all, you can see rainbows coming out of the pipe in the concrete," but Bear said, "Let's go, people!" And we all split, followed by two police jeeps with M-16's in the front seats.

We went up to the Buffalo River right under a bridge by a main highway, like fools. On the way, there was this guy, a straight-looking young man, who had just found the Family and he had never had anything like this. It was beyond his wildest dreams. You know how it is when you find the Family. We were taking acid and he was driving a truck full of kitchen utensils. He wanted some acid. I asked, "Are you sure you've taken it before?" and he said, "Sure I have." So we gave him some and he drove the truck too fast and the engine blew up and he wasn't about to figure out what was the matter in the state he was in.

The cops came there and took a picture of Marsha, Kilo's old lady, swimming naked and gave her a ticket and threatened to arrest us if we stayed in the county. So me and Freedom swam across the river and went up to the first house we

saw and knocked on the door. This guy opened the door, he was smoking a joint. So we said "Can we move our family over to your place? We're about to be persecuted," and he said "Yes," so we went back and got everybody together and went back over to the guy's house before the cops got back.

We had to leave there soon. Then we went back to Ebby's place. There was nowhere else to go. Then Barry showed up with Chuck Windsor and they rallied the people together. Some of us took LSD and ate some peyote sacrament, and we scouted ahead to Kyle's Landing, a new place. The sheriff and I don't know what kind of officials came and threatened our lives. They worked for the KKK, it was obvious. They ain't gonna tell nobody that, but when they say "You ain't gonna leave this place alive," what do you think? I know black people don't spend the nights around there.

We went back to Snowball. Barry has been more of a chief to the tribe than anyone else. In spite of what anyone says, people that don't understand him, he's been a good chief. He's been on the road a long time. He's one of the original hippies. He helped start Haight Ashbury. He's like the George Washington of the Rainbow Family. But he's just a man. He fucks up like anyone else.

Barry says "I know where we're going. We're going to the place where the Buffalo and White River meet - to the place that's called the Heart of the Buffalo." So we loaded up our school buses and our pickups and our cars and we drove there and walked about two miles to the gathering site and waded in the river and then we had the gathering. Everything was working out good, and then just after Peter Schappy and me and some other brothers had built a sweat lodge and we were praying over it - we were naked - the police came down in a jeep with guns drawn. The cops had come with cattle trucker at the top of the hill to take everybody away. And they said, "You're under arrest for nudity." We jumped in the river and started swimming across to the other side. One of us got out and went back to get his knife, which he had forgot, and they shot at him.

Everybody got across, but I got caught in the current and I didn't get across. This cop went across in a boat they had and he was waiting for me. Barry was talking to the cop to get his attention from me and I drifted

into the willows and got out and put on my loin cloth and ran around the hill. There was people with shot guns in overalls and straw hats all around. Everybody at the gathering got into a circle and they was all ^{EGG} OMing and praying. I had gotten back to the circle, but I had just a loin cloth and I heard they might arrest me for having just that, so I run back through the trees until I could see the tipi where my trousers were. It was there I was spotted by two men with shot guns. I laid down, hoping they didn't see me, realizing they did. I decided to run between them so fast they wouldn't see me. They said, "Hold it, or we'll shoot."

So they took me to the circle where everybody was surrounded. They told me I was under arrest twice, but they didn't ever get to take me. A sister gave me a sarape where I blended in with the crowd. The cops left with five people. We eventually got the five people out. They would have arrested us all, but the FBI told them not to. If they had, it would have started a nation-wide revolution. Every freak in the country would have burned everything down when they heard it. The sheriff got fired after the arrests.

I ran the place at the gathering where you could get coffee, tobacco, sugar - all the zoo-zoos from the city you have carnal lust for. I called it the Black Medicine Circle. Then I left the gathering with Vicki Wanderer and I went to a peyote meeting in New Mexico. I was given four songs. That was before I started abusing peyote.

After I split up with Vicki Wanderer, I went to the Christ Brotherhood land at Galisteo, New Mexico. And I ran into Chuck Wind Song there. He said, "Let's go to Texas to get medicine." And on our way to the peyote fields there, a big rainbow came over our path. We got there just before sunrise, hopped over a fence and went through the bush. We found deer tracks - we found medicine. Chuck found it first - then me. Once we found it, we started finding more. There are many, many stickers there. We went in with just moccasins on.

We both fell asleep and had dreams. I had a dream about a woman I knew and he had a dream about a woman he knew. He had a dream about rock medicine - a peyote button that had turned to rock. That

morning, there was that rock.

So then out from behind this bush comes this man suddenly with red hair. He said, "Hey mates, you got any water?" with a British accent. He said, "My name is Sean." He was there to get peyote out of greed. I knew he didn't fit in with the plants or the earth because I had medicine in me. He took a bagful, way more than he needed. He was going to take it to Pennsylvania. I can imagine what those people there do with it - listen to Kiss and Led Zepplin and trip out. It disgusts me. We prayed for him. Chuck wanted to help Sean carry his bag out. I was shocked when we met up with his friends cutting down the bush with machetes to get at peyote. Dollars, dollars, greed, greed. We left, me and Chuck. We didn't take none with us.

We went swimming near Corpus Christi and hung out on the beach. We got turned on to a bag of fish. Pretty soon there was a frying pan, pretty soon there was a keg of beer, pretty soon there was a whole beach party - all because we had a free bag of fish.

We went to Austin. Chuck wanted to go back to the peyote fields with the English guy. The guy said he didn't want to sell peyote. I had a thorn in my side from the fields. Chuck went back there with the English guy. I found out that as soon as Chuck found the first peyote button, the thorn fell out of my side. Chuck found a spear head and gave it to me. He got to keep half a bag of peyote. We wanted to send it to all our friends. We made the mistake of using some of it in the city of Austin. We went to that tower where the guy shot all them people in 1966. We made friends with people in the tower. Then we left and went back to our place. Chuck looked at me and said, "I'm going." He was totally freaked out about things. We hitched out of Austin like lightning around three in the morning.

We got to the mission in El Paso the next night. We had to go listen to the preacher. We noticed this woman at the sermon and she noticed us. So we talked to her. She was from Quebec - her boyfriend, too. He couldn't speak much English. They had been robbed of \$300 and didn't know how to get back to Quebec. We says, "We know how you can get back. Let's go hit up the Catholic churches."

We gave them medicine and we hitched to Tucson with them. All the

Catholic churches on the way gave us money. The priest in Tucson at first didn't want to see us. Then he said "I'll see you in Mass." We got two envelopes with \$10 apiece in them. The couple from Quebec had a 86 envelope that said for every Catholic church along the way to Quebec to give them food and money. We thanked the father.

That night we went to Sabino Canyon and the clouds made a coyote. When we went to sleep, the coyote came to me and we exchanged glances and energy. I got the name Coyote from that.

We split up from the Quebec couple in Phoenix. We visited my mother in LA. I got a call from my old lady in Berkeley. She said she had a job that would take her to Peru and she wanted me to come along. Me and Chuck went to Berkeley and split up. It turned out my old lady was a prostitute. I had one big peyote button left and I split it with her.

Next day we sold her radio and we went to Montana together. I got accused of stealing pot plants in Montana and I eventually got proven innocent and that made fools out of them. I left them and told them they'd be sorry. Eventually my old lady came following me. She didn't find me. I was camping by Glacier Park with these people who were into the Urantia Book. A big storm came up. It was cold and rainy. We put up a tent. When we poked our heads out, this big rainbow was in the east. The next day, I met my old lady. She had walked 15 miles out in the wilderness for me. Eventually she got down on her knees, rolled a smoke and prayed. She made a little crescent moon in the earth where she prayed as a reminder. She used to go to the same peyote meetings I did. She believed in that. After that, we were together for a while. Then I left and roamed the west and midwest. I don't know what I did. It's a blank.

I moved to Arizona that winter. We had a camp at the Desert House outside of Tucson. I tried to run two peyote meetings there. I was trying to show people shit I didn't even know about. Biggest mistake I ever made in my life. I'll never do it again. It almost brought me to suicide.

The reason white people fuck up with peyote is because they are